





# Hope Star

Every Afternoon Except Sunday

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C. E. PALMER, President  
ALEX. H. WASHBURN, Editor and Publisher

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"The newspaper is an institution developed by modern civilization to present the news of the day, to foster commerce and industry, through widely circulated advertisements, and to furnish that check upon government which no constitution has ever been able to provide."—Col. McCormick.

## The Star's Platform

### City

Apply the revenues of the municipal power plant to develop the industrial and social resources of Hope.  
More city pavement in 1929, and improved sanitary conditions in the alleys and business back-yards.  
Support the Chamber of Commerce.

### County

A county highway program providing for the construction of a minimum amount of all-weather road each year, to gradually reduce the dirt road mileage.

Political and economic support for every scientific agricultural program which offers practical benefits to Hempstead county's greatest industry.

Encourage farmer organizations, believing that co-operative effort is as practical in the country as it is in town.

### State

Continued progress on the state highway program.  
Fearless tax reform, and a more efficient government through the budget system of expenditures.  
Free Arkansas from the cattle tick.

## An Educational Problem

SHORTLY after the close of the war, heads of American colleges and universities found themselves confronted by a new problem; young men and women were coming to college in such rapidly-increasing numbers that there was hardly enough accommodation for them.

For a number of years this tendency continued. Every institution of higher education in the country, probably, increased its enrollment. Classes were swollen. Buildings were jammed.

This brought several secondary problems. Educators discovered that many of the new students were not of the type ordinarily seen in college. They seemed to have little real thirst for knowledge; rather, it appeared that they had come to college because they felt that a college education, in some mysterious way, would make it easier for them to "get on" in life later on—that it would open the doors of prosperity to them, automatically.

Now, however, times seem to be changing. Dr. Adam Leroy Jones, director of admissions at Columbia University, reports that the rush to enter college is about over. The increase in enrollment at our colleges is getting lower each year. In 22 states last year there were actually fewer college students than there were the year before.

For the present, this is probably a good thing. No one gained anything from the presence in our colleges of young people who did not understand just what a college education was for. The idea that one goes to college solely to be able to make more money in adult life than would otherwise be possible is not a healthy one.

Eventually, however, we must prepare for another increase. Our democracy, more complex every year, demands a high average of education on the part of our citizens. In the long run, this need can be met only by a much wider spread of college training than we have yet considered feasible.

## Arkansas' Example

THE Jackson News calls attention to the fact that Arkansas, once the most derided state in the Union, now ranks third among all of the states of the nation in highway construction.

Last year, Arkansas constructed 1,675 miles of permanent highways, as compared with a total of 29,000 for the entire United States.

"Arkansas," says the News, "like Mississippi, imposes a gasoline tax of five cents a gallon for road purposes. But, unlike Mississippi, Arkansas is spending that five-cent gasoline tax wisely and judiciously."

Editor Sullens might have gone further with his comparison. He could have stated that in Arkansas no ad valorem taxes are imposed for road purposes. All local road bond issues have been absorbed by the State, and the Arkansas tax burden is now actually less than half that of Mississippi.

The publishers of this newspaper own considerable property in Arkansas, hence these statements are not hearsay, but are actual facts which can be substantiated by tax receipts on similar properties in the two states.—West Point (Miss.) Times-Leader

## A Frisky Route

FOUR Russian aviators, attempting a flight from Moscow to New York via Alaska, have been having a hard time of it. Atrocious weather conditions have delayed them repeatedly and have time and again put them in considerable peril.

Triumphing over these handicaps, the Russians have proven their skill and courage as aviators. But their trip, it would seem, has also proven something else—that the Aleutian Islands air lane between Asia and America is an almighty hard one for flyers. It begins to look as if the future air route to the Orient will have to follow some less arduous course than this.

## Sips That Pass in the Night!



## WASHINGTON LETTER

BY RODNEY DUTCHER

WASHINGTON—It is true, of course, that Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald did not spend their hours together cooking up an Anglo-American alliance.

It is also presumably true that no selfish nationalistic thoughts ever entered the head of either of them. That is, there was no thought that the United States or Great Britain would profit from this epochal meeting out of proportion to the benefits available to all other nations which cared to enter into the spirit of the thing.

It might also be emphasized that the world has seldom seen a man at the head of any government who appeared to be so sincerely concerned with the well-being of all mankind as the laborite prime minister of Great Britain. Or a president of the United States with such a broad vision of the benefits of world-wide co-operation and the stupidity of international hatreds and suspicions.

They Are Idealists

In other words, here were two statesmen who co-ordinated their patriotism with a certain amount of idealistic internationalism and found that these two abstract factors were not incompatible.

Nevertheless, if there are other nations which fail to fall in line with the United States and Great Britain it is going to be just too bad for them. Naturally enough, the naval arms conference at Geneva blew up when these two predominant naval powers failed to approach an agreement. The same thing would have been true had France and Italy been represented, which they were not.

But if the United States and Great Britain are going to lead

off an international parade for reductions of armaments and world peace, any lesser nations which stand on the curb and stick out their tongues are likely to be out of luck. There are few places where their attitude would be popular and, most importantly of all, it would be distinctly unpopular with Uncle Sam and John Bull, both of whose people are enthusiastic over this new order of things.

For there is no getting around the fact that America and Britain are far and away the two most powerful nations on the earth. If they did care to form an alliance in the old sense they could easily enough dominate the world without fear of any combination of nations which might be formed against them.

And it can hardly be said that the moral alliance which these two have established and which is not in any way exclusive or in any way ominous, would be any less effective in its way if the important countries of continental Europe were to refuse to play ball. The fact is that France, Italy or Japan could not well afford to toss a monkey-wrench into the Hoover-MacDonald mechanism.

Since MacDonald arrived in this country some distinctly sour notes have been sounded in France. Also some in Italy and even a few in Japan. There are those in each country who scent an alliance.

These doubts and suspicions are not likely to stand in the way for very long. Both the American and British government will devote themselves to removing the virtual certainty that the other three nations will fall in line—and from an old-fashioned point of view a most important one—is that each one stands pretty well alone under the present scheme of things.

## BARBS

Invitations are now being sent out to the next naval disarmament conference in London. At the moment of going to press, it was reported that Mr. William B. Shearer was still waiting for his. President Butler of Columbia University says that university entrance exams in 1929 were so stiff that even present-day faculty members couldn't have passed them. In those days, however, it didn't matter, as the colleges The mayor of Berlin is in America to study American city government methods. Is he, by any chance, going on the theory that it's well to know what not to do?

"There are two kinds of colleges in America," a noted educator says. Undoubtedly. Those who wish they had fired the coach last fall, and those who wish they hadn't.

## Druggist Says Is Champion Butter Buyer of Arkansas

—R. H. Hamilton, farmer of net Pottsville in this county, claims to have the champion butter customer of the entire state.

He had sold butter regularly for Russellville druggist and former thirteen years to D. A. Gibson, sheriff of Pope county. Twice each week during that period, Hamilton has delivered two pounds of butter, or a total of 1,352 pounds.

The price has been 40 cents a pound the year round, Hamilton said, regardless of the market and his sales to this one customer have amounted to \$540.20.

Not a weekly delivery has been missed since October 19, 1916, he said.

## My Favorite Bible Passage



Today's Choice  
by  
WILLIAM T. GARDINER  
Governor of  
Maine

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah 6: 8.

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.—Matthew 7: 12.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Philippians 4: 8. (Compiled by the Bible Guild)

Thursday: Frank J. Loesch, president, Chicago Crime Commission.

## News of Other Days

From the Files of the Star

25 YEARS AGO

Capt. J. H. Black is enjoying a visit from his sister, Mrs. M. C. Walker of Searcy.

H. A. Turner and family of Ozan were in the city Wednesday to see the circus.

W. E. Sutton, of Sutton, Ark., was in the city yesterday.

Jim Hicks was looking after the grocery trade here yesterday.

Harry Andrews, working for the Iron Mountain, on the Little Rock and Fort Smith branch, has been at home for a few days.

O. G. Quinn was a pleasant caller at the Star office Thursday afternoon. He is clerk of the Union Baptist Association.

Sells & Downs' circus showed to a good business here Wednesday afternoon and night. The town was crowded with people who thoroughly enjoyed the show.

10 YEARS AGO

Melvin Allen, one of Hope's former young business men, now residing in Tulsa, Okla., is visiting in the city, and meeting old friends.

A. F. Drake, formerly of this city, but now residing at Texarkana, was a visitor to Hope Monday.

Chris Westerman, of the Star force, visited his mother at Nashville Sunday.

Geo. H. Bell, and J. G. Sain of Nashville, were in the city yesterday.

D. M. Burford made a business trip to Pine Bluff Saturday.

Henry Bowden made a business trip to Little Rock Saturday.

Married—Mrs. Nora Edwards to Prof. J. M. Ford, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at the home of Mr. R. A. Hamm, near Washington. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. A. Hall, in the presence of a few intimate friends. Prof. Ford is formerly of Miller county, and is principal of Liberty school.

Mrs. Lee Daniels entertained with a surprise party last Friday evening for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Jones, at their home on South Shover street, celebrating their silver wedding anniversary. Many beautiful gifts were presented.

## They Couldn't Stand Rice and Old Shoes So They Slipped Off

LAVACA, Ak., Oct. 22.—(P)—H. C. Bates, 84, and Mrs. J. A. Jordan, 65, just couldn't face a shower of rice and old shoes, so they eloped.

The couple "eloped" across the county line into Crawford county and were married. They immediately took a train to Atlanta, Ga., to spend a two weeks' honeymoon with the bride's relatives.

Mrs. Bates came to this community two months ago for a visit. She met Bates, who is the oldest settler in this section, and after the short courtship, became engaged. They kept it a secret until after the marriage.

Mrs. Bates' former home was in Atlanta. The couple will be at

## Today's Crossword Puzzle

**ACROSS**

- Given point of time
- Was carried
- Small
- Transylvania lake port
- Wicked
- The bitter
- Small stream
- Truths
- Small island
- Before
- Sea eagle
- More expensive
- Part of the year
- European country abbr.
- Football position
- Threefold prefix
- Pronoun
- Cereal grass
- Down: prefix
- Adverb
- Soft of the scale
- Thing
- Part of the flock
- Adhesive
- Metric land
- Measure
- Old word for defence
- Pertaining to a continent
- Nonfront
- Golf term
- Hifo
- Pack
- Addition to a building
- Wills
- Pronoun

**DOWN**

- Ridiculous
- Ascending
- Cultivated land
- Catcher of lampreys
- Venerable
- Abuse
- Worst dream
- Man's name
- Dams
- Before this
- Anglican Jewish sect
- Pathetic
- Disorder
- Uncanny
- Climate
- Hermit
- Hard glossy coating
- Star on a type
- Writer
- Aroma
- Charm
- Scatters
- Hard metal
- Swamp
- Homestead
- One of David's chief rulers

**ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE**

**ACROSS**

- SPARK
- RAMBLE
- TRAMP
- ATLAS
- STATE
- LINE
- THREATS
- SMALLER
- REIMPARTS
- ARRET
- ERNS
- MEETS
- SOME
- FAN
- PENAL
- LES
- ITEM
- STELA
- ALES
- TORAH
- STEVE
- PORE
- RAY
- AD
- RAMBLES
- CORRUPT
- OVAL
- AIDER
- BELLA
- MERE
- STORES
- SNAKE
- ARTS
- TETES
- SAYS

**DOWN**

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## WARNING ORDER

No. 2182

In the Chancery Court of Hempstead County.

Laura Witherspoon, Plaintiff.

vs.

Charles Witherspoon, Defendant.

The Defendant, Charles Witherspoon is warned to appear in this Court within thirty days and answer the complaint of the Plaintiff, Laura Witherspoon.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court this 8th day of October, 1929.

Willie Harris, Clerk.

Gray Carigan, D. C.

Oct. 9-15-23-30.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

That in pursuance of the authority and directions contained in the decretal order of the Chancery Court of Hempstead County, made and entered on the 10th day of October, A. D. 1929 in a certain cause (No. 2158) then pending therein between First National Bank of Hope, Arkansas, complainant, and Mrs. Ollie Dildy, S. G. Dildy and wife, D. E. Dildy as Admr. of the Estate of S. B. Dildy, Deceased, and the Commonwealth Building and Loan Association, Commissioner of said Court, will offer for sale at public vendue to

the highest bidder, at the front door or entrance of the United States Post Office in the City of Hope, County of Hempstead, State of Arkansas within the hours prescribed by law for judicial sales, on Thursday the 7th day of November A. D. 1929, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The West Half of the Southwest Quarter of the Southwest Quarter (W $\frac{1}{2}$  of the SW $\frac{1}{4}$  of the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ ) of Section Twenty-three (23), and the West Half of the West Half of the West Half of the W $\frac{1}{2}$  of the W $\frac{1}{2}$  of the W $\frac{1}{2}$  of Section Twenty-Six South, Range Twenty-Six West, containing 100 acres, or less, in Hempstead County, Kansas.

TERMS OF SALE: On a credit of three months, the purchaser required to execute a bond, required by law and the order of said Court in said cause, with approved security, bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum from date of sale until paid, and a lien being retained on the premises sold to secure the payment of the purchase money.

Given under my hand this 11th day of October, A. D. 1929.

WILLIE HARRIS

Commissioner in Chancery.

Oct 15, 22, 29.

11,419 miles in 26 days

## World's Non-Stop Automobile Record Shattered by Plymouth

More than one year's average driving in 26 days! 11,419 miles of travel in 632 hours with never a moment's rest for motor or chassis. That is the record-breaking feat performed by a Chrysler-built standard stock Plymouth 4-door Sedan in and about Tyler, Texas!

The finish was voluntary, with the motor functioning perfectly. No single part required repair or replacement.

Here is proof of unduplicated engineering soundness. Here is the greatest value in the low-priced field today! Come in and learn for yourself.

FULL SIZE  
\$655  
and upwards  
f.a.b. factory

PLYMOUTH  
AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

B. R. HAMM MOTOR CO.

## OUT OUR WAY



By Williams

10-23  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN  
J.F. WILLIAMS  
© 1929, BY F.A. SERVICE, INC.



# SOCIETY

Mrs. Sid Henry

Telephone 321

We read our society columns today with the following poem from the pen of Mrs. John T. Sifford, who is a guest in our city this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Lowthorpe. Mrs. Sifford is Honorary state historian of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Where the boys in blue lie sleeping  
Till the dawning of the day,  
Near the grand Potomac River,  
There too sleep our boys in gray.

'And tis told, a quaint old story  
(Be it false, or be it true)  
How the North had not to honor  
All the men who wore the blue.

Oratory, words of praise,  
With the sound of martial music,  
They had met with wreaths and  
flowers,  
Thus to decorate their graves.

Far below them, in the valley,  
Sleep our boys who wore the gray;  
But no tear fell in their memory;  
Not a flower, had they that day.

But as night came o'er the land,  
Stars looked down, like eyes that  
weep,  
On those lonely graves so barren,  
Where our brothers lie asleep.

And the very moon in heaven,  
As resenting such a sight,  
Drew a veil across her splendor,  
Making darker still the night.

Then winds came, fraught with  
sweetness;  
Twas the breath of roses rare,  
Waiting perfume as of Eden  
O'er those graves so lonely there.

Then his breath grew fierce and  
fiery,  
Lifting flower and laurel wreath  
Off the graves above their heroes,  
Placed them on the mounds be-  
neath.

And on Arlington next morning,  
Pasting strange the sight, they say,  
For the Union graves lay barren,  
Flower-bedecked our boys in gray.

Thus we see our mother Nature,  
Gave her own from zone to zone,  
And stands within the shadow  
Of a wing watch above his own.

The Union soldiers are buried on  
the heights of Arlington, the Con-  
federates in the valley below. It  
is said that on the first Decoration  
Day after the war of the states,  
the Union graves were elaborately  
decorated and that on that night  
a storm came up and the flowers  
were blown down on the Confeder-

Texarkana Glass  
& Mirror Works

Auto Glass—Old Mirrors Resilvered  
Phone 1428 316 Main

NEW GRAND

THURSDAY & FRIDAY  
"A CERTAIN YOUNG  
MAN"

Ramon Novarro  
Marceline Day  
Renee Adoree  
Huntley Gordon

Roars! Thrills! Romance! No-  
Novarro at his best! Don't miss  
this one.

Also  
Pathe News and Good Comedy  
Admission 10c and 25c

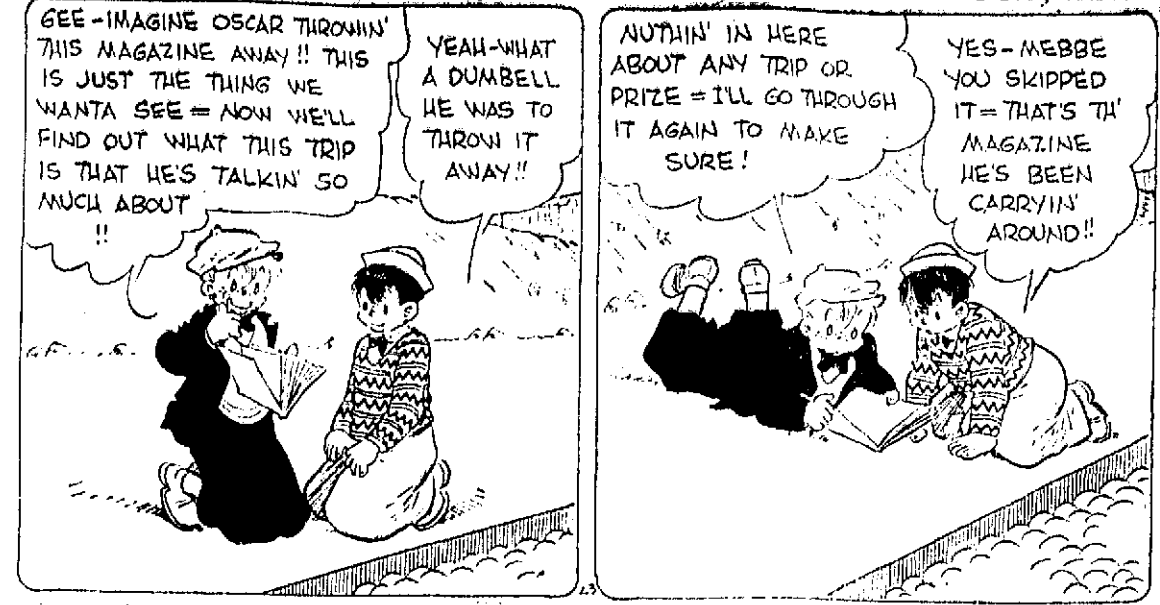


SMILING  
IRISH EYES  
—Added—  
All Talking Comedy  
"Brides Relations"  
Extra!  
Paramount's Talking  
News

COLLEEN  
MOORE  
Talks -- Sings  
and Dances!  
with  
JAMES HALL

You'll certainly want  
to hear her first talk-  
ing picture a romance  
of smiling Irish lips  
singing a love song to  
a wandering sweet-  
heart as a boy forgets  
to come back to Erin.  
Today and Thursday  
SAENGED  
PUBLIX  
Theaters

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## Hook, Line and Sinker!



## MODES of the MOMENT



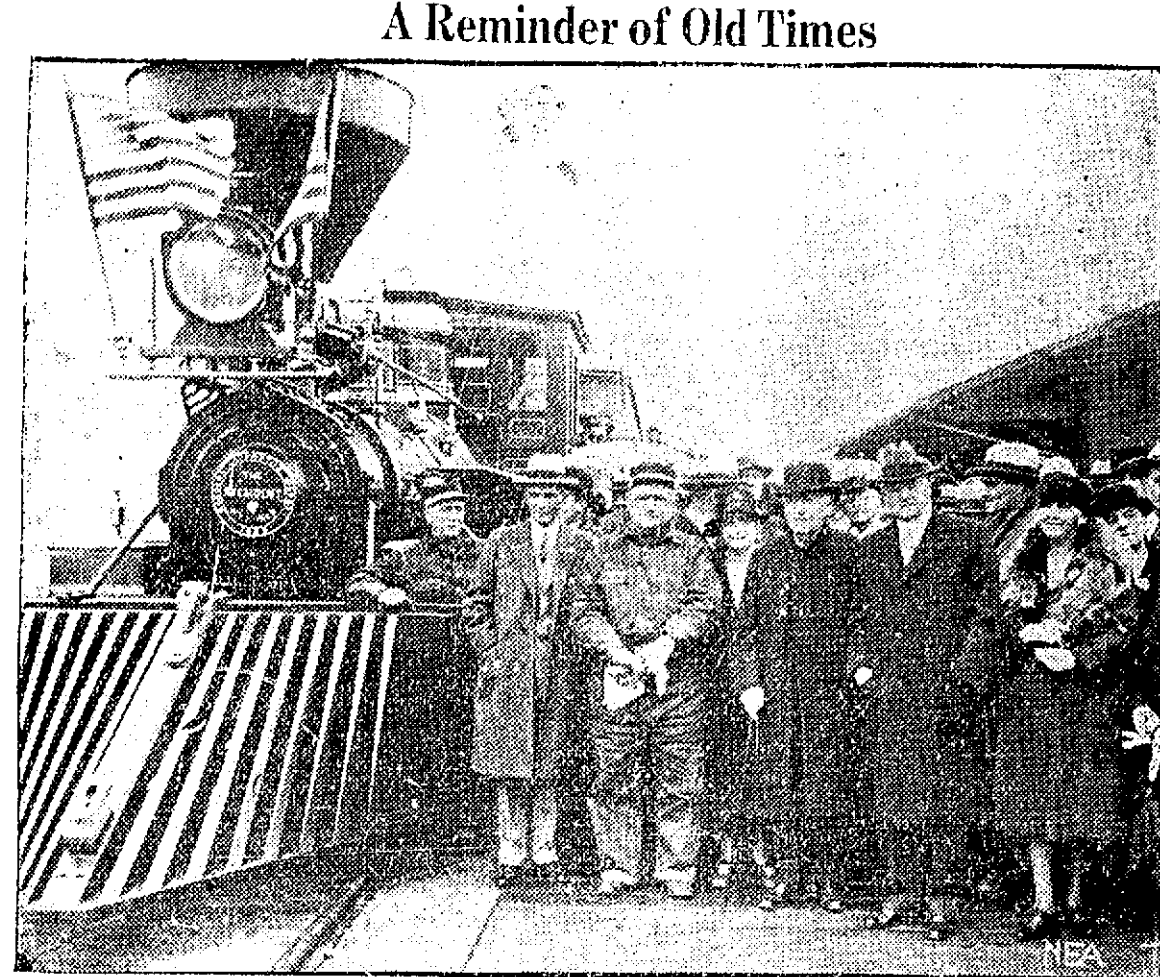
This is no world just at present  
for women who cannot wear the frocks with  
moulded lines. Saw a particularly slinky one  
at Paul Point's made of silver lame and crepe satin.  
Rita

FOSTER-SINYARD  
A wedding of interest because  
of the popularity in their commu-  
nities of the couple was that Sat-  
urday last of Miss Cleo Foster, of  
the Battelfield neighborhood, to  
Irvin Sinyard, of Spring Hill, Elder  
O. C. Robinson officiating.  
The bride is the daughter of Mr.  
and Mrs. Cleve Foster and the  
groom a son of Lige Sinyard, both  
well known families in the county.

CARD OF THANKS  
We take this method in express-  
ing our appreciation to those who  
were so very kind, and especially  
to the doctors and nurses who were  
sympathetic to our family death in the long illness and  
sympathy extended to our family death of our baby, and for the  
because of the loss of our husband! beautiful floral offerings,  
and father Charlie Shaw, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Garrett.

THURSDAY  
At 8.30 a. m.  
\$\$ SALE \$\$

The greatest values in bright, new styles that  
have been offered the shoppers of this trade  
territory this season.  
But there's a reason. We have overbought.  
We need the money, and the best way we know  
of getting it is to reduce our prices. The mild  
Fall season has caught us with more styles than  
we can sell at first prices.  
PAY THE REGULAR PRICE FOR ONE ITEM  
SELECT YOUR CHOICE ANY GARMENT  
FROM THE SAME PRICE GROUP FOR  
ONLY ONE DOLLAR!  
Bring a friend—bring your neighbor! Take ad-  
vantage of this special offer, while you can buy  
your New Fall apparel for almost half.  
THIS SALE LASTS FOR SEVEN DAYS ONLY  
STARTING THURSDAY MORNING—SEVEN  
GREAT SELLING DAYS  
These prices are for cash, since the only purpose  
of the sale is to raise cash.  
Ladies Specialty Shop  
"Exclusive But Not Expensive"



Here is the jubilee party standing beside the replica of the Grand Trunk train on which Edison  
was a news butcher 60 years ago. Standing next to the old-fashioned engine is Henry Ford. Next, left  
to right, are the engineer, Mrs. Edison, Thomas A. Edison, President Hoover and Mrs. Hoover.

## PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. Audrey Young, beauty cul-  
ture instructor in charge of  
Southward's Whit Way Beauty  
Shop, was called to Little Rock  
Monday by the serious illness of  
her mother, expecting to be away  
the greater portion of the week.

Tommy Billingsly, well known  
Hope young man, Tuesday under-  
went an operation for acute appen-  
dicitis and while his condition is  
serious it is hoped he will make  
the grade and soon be on his feet  
again, his smiling, good-natured  
self.

Mrs. J. W. Strickland this  
morning underwent an operation  
for appendicitis at a local hospital,  
and the many friends of both she  
and Mr. Strickland sincerely trust  
for her an early and complete re-  
covery.

Mrs. T. C. Croshaw is recover-  
ing nicely from a recent gall  
stone operation and hopes within  
the next few days to be able to re-  
turn to her home.

W. W. Duckert, who has been on  
the sick list for the past few days  
is improving and along about to-  
morrow or the next day will be  
milling around as per usual.

## The Arrival



A drizzling rain brought umbrellas into play as Detroit's distin-  
guished guests arrived to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Light. Here  
are President Hoover, Thomas A. Edison and Mrs. Hoover just after  
their arrival.

Buy It!  
Rent It!

WITH HOPE STAR  
WANT  
ADS

Count five words to the  
line. Rates 10c per line for  
one insertion, minimum  
30c. 7c per line for three  
insertions, minimum 50c.  
6c per line for six or more  
insertions. 5c per line for  
26 insertions.  
PHONE 768

FOR RENT

FOR RENT OR SALE—Seven  
room house, close in, garage and  
barn. Apply Mrs. T. C. Jobe. 6-61c  
FOR RENT—Lewis farm, 1-1-2  
miles west of Hope, 38 1-2 acres.  
Good house, water, barn and land.  
See Talbot Field, 9-61-c

WANTED

WANTED—If you have furni-  
ture to sell, call 351. I will pay  
highest prices. P J Drake. 305-31c  
WANTED TO BUY—White tip  
radishes, stringless beans. Hope  
Fruit Growers Association. 9-21c

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—McFadden Springs  
(Hot Springs) Water. Middle  
brooks Grocery Co. Phone 608.  
6-61-c  
80 acres, on main road, 40 in  
cultivation, 4 room bungalow, good  
barn, well and spring water, at  
\$1050.00. Also a dandy 14 acre  
truck farm on pike, 5 1-2 miles of  
Hope, 4 room house at \$725.00.  
Good Missouri farm to trade for  
land here.  
H. O. GREEN.  
7-31-pd.

COLLEEN OF THE "IRISH  
EYES" IS JIG DANCER

An Irish jig is now added to the  
repertoire of the dances Colleen  
Moore can execute. Colleen's char-  
acteristic in her first talking pic-  
ture, "Smiling Irish Eyes," a First  
National-Vitaphone special, now at  
the Saenger theatre, includes an  
episode in which she jigs enthusi-  
astically.

Let Me Re-build Your  
Shoes

Work called for and delivered.  
P. J. Sutton Shoe Shop  
105 W. Division Phone 320

Starting Thursday

Our Semi - Annual

Ending Monday

## "NEW CUSTOMER" SALE

offering all our newest style first quality

## ALLEN-A HOSIERY

at 20% Reductions

All \$1.95 Hosiery  
Now  
\$1.59

All \$1.75 Hosiery  
Now  
\$1.39

All 1.50 Hosiery  
Now  
\$1.19

All 1.00 Hosiery  
Now  
79c

All 50c Hosiery  
Now 39c.

We want many new customers for Allen-A Hosiery. To  
make it worth your while to try it, we make this special  
offer until next Monday night.

Every Allen-A style, from sheerest Clifton to Service weights,  
is reduced 20%. This is new merchandise. Newest and  
smartest shades. All first quality.

Take advantage of this "New Customer" Sale. Save 20% on  
Allen-A Hosiery.

## Reed - Routon & Co.

We Deliver

Phone 28.



# The Innocent Cheat

©1929 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

by Ruth Dewey Groves

AUTHOR OF "RICH GIRL—POOR GIRL," ETC.

"Ashe will get someone to drive you to the station," she said. "I'm sorry you won't stay, Shallmar."

"My dear, I mustn't. My work is out in the world, making men suffer."

She said it lightly but there was in her eyes the shadow of pain. The maid came and carried down the lighter pieces of her luggage.

"Send Ashe up for these immediately," Helen directed, pointing to the others.

When he came she told him to have her car and someone to drive it at the door without delay. She was forcing herself, by sheer will power, to keep her mind on Shallmar's departure and speed her properly.

She was sorry to lose her friend now when it would have been a great relief to know there was someone in the house besides the servants and Mrs. Wethering. But Shallmar did not want to stay; she could see that—it would be selfish to urge her.

"You must watch yourself, dear," Shallmar said in parting. "Don't let your heart break if you can help it. If you want a man get him. It isn't always possible but you can try. You see, I think your illness is of the heart, no matter what you say."

Helen did not need to deny it. Shallmar was obliged to run, with not a moment to spare. She waved back from the door, a gay farewell, but there was pity in her heart for the girl who could not run away from her trouble.

Helen sat very quiet for a moment, glad to be alone, but despairingly aware that the only person who might have been sympathetic was gone. She could have talked to Shallmar—at least she could have confided that she was faced with a heart-breaking alternative. And Shallmar was gone. A faint, exotic, perfume lingered in the room as a reminder of her colorful personality. Suddenly Helen wanted to get away from it.

She slipped out of the room like a wraith and found her way blindly to her own cushion-covered chaise longue. She lay there a long time, too crushed to think constructively.

A well of black despair had engulfed her. She could not marry Brent—she could not. And yet there seemed to be a force which she could not defy that pressed the words, "You will, you will, you will," upon her brain like brands of fire.

She was helpless against the pictures that rose in her mind. Prison—confinement within a narrow cell—she who loved the stars over her head and grass under her feet—eyes to spy upon her, perhaps, when she lay asleep—horrible!

A shudder ran like lightning over her slender frame.

She struggled to turn her thoughts away from such a fate and fasten them upon Bob. Bob! It was even greater torture to dwell upon him. Just when they had ended their foolish quarrel—when happiness unbelievable sweet had come to them—this!

Until that moment, when the full import of what had befallen her swept over Helen, she had not guessed how cruel are some of the tricks of Fate.

Mrs. Wethering came to ask her where she would have her luncheon served, as it was Helen's habit to take it in any place that suited her mood.

She was denied entrance. But Helen was fast becoming an enigma to her, beginning with Helen's association with Eva Ennis, so she asked her question through the door and went away without protest when Helen answered that she did not want any lunch.

Late in the afternoon Helen went out. Mrs. Wethering saw her walking toward the lake. When the time grew past the dinner hour and she had not returned the housekeeper became alarmed and went into conference with Ashe about it.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that something has happened to Miss Nellin."

## CHAPTER XLV

Helen was found sitting beside the lake, chilled but indifferent to her discomfort. In the darkness she seemed a part of the rustic bench on which she sat, so still was she.

Ashe spoke to her in a low-pitched voice, impressed with a sense of tragic unhappiness in her attitude.

She answered quietly that she would not have dinner—they need not keep it waiting for her.

"But might I suggest, miss that the air is growing chilly?" Ashe said uneasily.

Helen stirred and looked about her, noticing for the first time that daylight had completely gone and a mist was hanging over the shore of the lake. She shivered slightly, got up and walked up the path to the house.

She went to her room and refused Mrs. Wethering's frequently repeated offer to bring her a tray. Presently she locked her door, but a little later the housekeeper was

obliged to disturb her again.

"Mr. Ennis is here," she announced raising her voice to be certain that Helen could hear her. "He insists upon knowing how you are. I have told him that you are indisposed but he begs to see you if you aren't too ill to come downstairs."

For a while no answer came, then a voice that Mrs. Wethering scarcely recognized as Helen's told her to send Bob away. "I can't see him," Helen added with a note of fierceness.

Mrs. Wethering concluded that they had quarreled and she was not at all averse to carrying Helen's decision below to the young man who waited below in a fever of impatience to be with his sweetheart.

"But I must know that she isn't seriously ill," he protested.

"She is tired," Mrs. Wethering answered stiffly, "and does not wish to be disturbed."

She did not mean to be rude, but Bob sensed the rebuff behind her words and it brought the first doubt of Helen's reason for not seeing him. Perhaps she wasn't ill, after all, and her housekeeper knew she was making excuses.

"Will you carry up a written message to her?" he asked huskily.

Mrs. Wethering could not refuse. Bob took a notebook from his pocket, wrote a few words hurriedly on a leaf, tore it out and gave it to the woman, folded over.

A moment later Helen took it from her through a crack in the door. She read it through tears.

"Unless you are too ill to come down, Helen, please see me," it said.

Helen swayed against the door closing it, and Mrs. Wethering heard her cry: "Oh, I can't, I can't."

"Miss Nellin! What is it? What's wrong?"

"Tell him to go away! Tell him I can't come down!"

Mrs. Wethering repeated this message to Bob in no uncertain terms. He left the house in a terms and he was obliged to accept bewildered state of mind. What could have happened? Had Helen repented their reconciliation so soon after vowing that nothing ever could part them again? It was unbelievable! But illness need not have prevented her from sending him a word telling him when to return—unless her condition was for more serious than Mrs. Wethering had admitted.

The thought drove him to beg his mother, when he reached home, to telephone Bramblewood and inquire about Helen.

Word came back that she was sleeping. No, there was nothing to worry over—just a slight indisposition.

Crosby the housekeeper hung up the receiver, and hoped the Ennis family would not disturb her again until morning at least.

The next day Helen came down as usual to breakfast, her eyes purple-rimmed in a tense, white face. She went through the motions of eating but what food passed her lips was tasteless and unwanted.

Mrs. Wethering hovered in the background, watching over her genuinely concerned for her health.

"Why, she looks as if she had a dead spirit in her body," the woman ejaculated to herself when first she glimpsed Helen that morning.

She was not far wrong. Helen felt as though her soul were dying within her. It was all so hopeless, so black, whichever way she turned.

She did not doubt Bob's love and faith, but she could not bear the thought of letting him sacrifice everything in the world to prove his loyalty.

And she dared not tell him of Brent's cruel alternative. He would never let her marry Brent. She knew that. He'd believe in her and want to fight to save her. And there was no hope of victory.

Her night of torture had convinced her that Brent was right in saying the world would believe her guilty with him in the plot to gain possession of the Cunningham millions.

She had no defense. She saw now how easily she had been convinced that she was the Nellin girl. Who would accept her story that "you go to Bramblewood as usual but you had not known who were her parents were? Would they not all think that she had been concealing the fact that her father was a nationally known crook?"

A crook! She the daughter of a crook—a man of crime! The iron of infamy went deep into her heart with every thought of him.

But Brent hadn't proved it. He hadn't proved that she was Helen Page.

With this declaration she sought to encourage herself—to feed the only hope she had. But she knew Brent too well to believe that he would have done this thing without the proof he claimed to have. It was a false hope, and she knew it.

What would Mrs. Ennis say? What would any mother say if her

son wanted to marry a girl who was stigmatized with crime?

Brent's cruelty had warped Helen's judgment, caused her to view all aspects of her situation with doubt and despair. All but Bob's love. It was the one thing she believed in unquestioningly.

All that day she lived in a panic lest he come to her and demand an explanation of her refusal to see him the night before. How horrible to have him think she did not love him—that she was so fickle she could change toward him overnight.

And he must believe it. What else was there for him to believe? Oh why hadn't she instructed Mrs. Wethering and Ashe to say she was not at home? That would have treated Bob less callously. Too late given her time to find a way to think of it now. . . . but surely there was something she could do. . . . something besides cringing with fear and helplessness here at Bramblewood while Brent waited for her to make up her mind.

She must see him! He must show her his proof! She couldn't stand another moment of suspense. It would be less frightful to be without hope entirely than knowing herself to be clinging to a doubtful one.

She decided soon after breakfast to go to New York. Mrs. Wethering persuaded her against going by train or driving her car herself. Helen agreed to let the gardener drive for her, as she had not yet filled the place of the chauffeur she had discharged for drunkenness.

"You don't look fit to go at all," the housekeeper remarked earnestly, but Helen was deaf to her interference.

"Drive as fast as you dare," she directed the man at the wheel when she was ready to start. He nodded and muttered "oshn". But a word from Mrs. Wethering, that Helen had not heard, frustrated her wish for speed.

He drove at a pace that brought a command to "go faster," as frequently as traffic regulations compelled him to idle the motor. Helen grew exasperated with him but decided that he was timid and ceased to urge him on.

She was fearful that Brent might have breakfast and gone before she could reach his apartment, and she was with tremendous relief that she at last arrived there.

The temptation to stop on the way and telephone him had come to her. She felt it as a temptation because it was something she did not want to do, believing, as she did, that it would put Brent on his guard.

Though just what was expected to gain by surprising him was not quite clear to her. Perhaps, had she analyzed it, she might have found that it was a desire to attack, to maneuver for a crisis that would end her unendurable suspense.

She did not have herself unannounced on this occasion. If Brent had gone out she would wait for him in the room where he might be for hours.

At Brent's door she rang the bell with a firm pressure on the button. Inside there was a startled movement on the part of an occupant of the colorful divan, a sudden half-rising and a sinking that was almost a collapse, back again.

Eyes fastened upon the door as the Japanese servant went to answer the summons that had sounded a second time. There was a smothered exclamation as Helen stepped into the foyer of the apartment and asked for Mr. Brent.

The Japanese said that he was not in. Helen's expression revealed her disappointment but she moved toward the living room, saying distinctly that she would wait.

The servant bowed low and disappeared soundlessly, a faint smile weaving over his lips and threatening to wreck his Oriental calm. His master's affairs often proved amusing to him. He considered certain episodes stupid, the result of inept handling.

For a moment after Helen entered the living room she did not see the figure that had shrunk far back on the divan. Then, as her eyes grew accustomed to the change in light, she saw the girl's face.

## CHAPTER XLVI

"Eva!" Helen repeated, her voice a mixture of surprise and consternation. "What are you doing here?"

Eva removed the handkerchief she had pressed against her lips and answered, with a note of defiance, that Helen certainly could guess that she had come to see Brent.

"You wouldn't come to the telephone this morning," Eva charged; "and I had to do something."

"I'm sorry," Helen apologized. "I told Mrs. Wethering I would not talk to anyone. But Eva dear, you mustn't stay. I want to see Leonard. Won't you please go? My car is downstairs. Wait in it, please, please."

"No," Eva stubbornly shook her head.

"Oh, but you must," Helen insisted.

"Why?" Eva asked pitiously. "I have something to say to Leonard too, Helen. I don't know why you want to see him, but . . . Bob told me about last night . . . I got it out of him, and Mrs. Wethering said you weren't really ill . . . Oh, Helen, you aren't going to marry Leonard, are you? You can't! After all those things you said . . ."

"Stop, please stop," Helen begged.

"But why did you refuse to see Bob? He was almost insanely happy over your promise to marry him and then . . . then . . . oh Helen, tell me, tell me."

"I can't tell you anything—until I've seen Leonard," Helen said miserably. "Do this for me, Eva; go now."

"If I thought that it would help Bob, I'd go," Eva answered. "I know I owe you more than I ever can repay, Helen, but this is something . . . I only want to ask Leonard if he is going to marry you. You see what it means to me. But I'd wait for Bob's sake."

"Then do go, do hurry," Helen pleaded. "It may mean a great deal to Bob."

Eva reluctantly gathered up her hat and coat. As she put them on her eyes fell upon Brent's desk. It was open—the desk he kept locked. She saw a pile of notepaper carelessly stacked at one side and it gave her the idea of leaving a note for him.

She walked over to the desk, deliberately avoiding a meeting with Helen's glance, and sat down before it. When she had written the note she looked for a blotter but there was none in sight. She pulled out a drawer and closed it again to try another.

With the second drawer she was more successful. She took out the blotter, used it and started to put it back again when she saw what had been lying under it.

With a cry she reached for the dully gleaming object and drew it out.

"It's a locked like mine!"

Helen rushed to her side. She saw in a glance that the locked Eva was holding up to view was identical with the one Brent had given her from her father—from the man he had said was her father, she remembered.

"It's" but she got no further in saying she thought the lock was here.

Eva had opened it. "It's mine!" the girl exclaimed excitedly. "Oh, Helen, I'm so glad for mother's sake. You've no idea how she prized it. She hasn't quite given me for losing it. Leonard must have found it and didn't know whom to return it to."

Helen was staring at the picture of face in the open lock. Charles Nellin! She recognized him easily. Among Evangeline Cunningham's possessions she had found a likeness of him that the cloping girl had left behind.

She was too confused for a moment to speak—to question Eva. And then, while Eva still held the lock in plain view Leonard Brent opened the door of his apartment. He always entered without unnecessary noise. The two girls did not hear him even when he came up behind them. They were absorbed in Eva's find and their own thoughts concerning it. Eva was delighted for her mother's sake, and Helen was trying to put her chaotic impressions in order.

Suddenly, with the ferocity of a tiger, Brent reached for the lock. But just an instant before he did so Helen saw him.

Eva screamed and automatically thrust the lock farther from his reach. Then, as she recognized him, she started to relax. In another second he'd have had the lock in his possession had Helen not sprung forward and seized it.

Brent turned upon her with a snarl. "Give that to me," he rasped and neither girl had ever seen the beast on the surface of him before that moment.

Helen knew instantly that the lock was of vital importance to him. And it concerned the Cunningham family. She did not need time to decide that Brent must not have it.

No thought of herself, of possible exposure that might land her in prison, came to her as she made the next move in the game. It was enough to frustrate Brent.

She turned and ran toward the door. Brent had not expected her to do that—to be so quick to grasp the fact that the lock was evidence he wished to conceal at any cost.

Helen gained the foyer before he came after her. She reached the door, jerked it open and flew out into the hall just a few steps ahead of him. She was fast, but a short distance from the elevator Brent had almost caught up with her. Helen heard him calling viciously to her to stop and her heart sank. She dared not call for help, and unless there was an elevator on the floor she never would escape with the lock.

Oh, thank God there was one descending. The operator was even then closing the door. Helen cried out to him to wait, but he had his car in motion and her wild manner confused him. He fumbled with the controls, trying at the same time to hold the door open.

Helen rushed into the elevator as it teetered up and down, thrusting herself periously through the narrow opening. The operator did not see Brent behind her.

He started his car down and gave the door a strong push to clang it to.

Helen whirled about. Then she screamed and turned her face away.

When they carried her out of the car after the operator had overcome his own horror sufficiently to summon help, she was in a dead faint.

They took her back into Brent's apartment, where the Japanese servant was doing his best to quiet Eva. The girl had followed Brent to the door. Mercifully, she did not witness the accident. Bewilderment and the shock of Helen's scream mingling with Brent's one cry of mortal agony held her rooted where she stood, swaying dizzily and fast succumbing to the hysteria that was sweeping over her.

The Japanese helped her back into the living room. Her cries were the first sounds that came to Helen's ears when consciousness returned.

For a few seconds Helen did not understand—then her hands flew to her face and she sobbed aloud while memory repainted the indescribable scene she had witnessed.

A physician was sent to the apartment as soon as he pronounced himself unable to aid the man who lay on the floor of the closed elevator. He found Helen quieter, trying to help Eva, who still remained hysterical, though less violently so.

"Have you been with . . . is he . . . " Helen faltered brokenly. The doctor nodded.

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The superintendent of the building came in after dispersing the crowd of curious tenants that had gathered outside the door. Helen answered his questions as best she could.

Then others came. Men acting in official capacity. She was obliged to go over the story of the fatal accident many times, until at last the doctor put an end to her ordeal by ordering her to take in home.

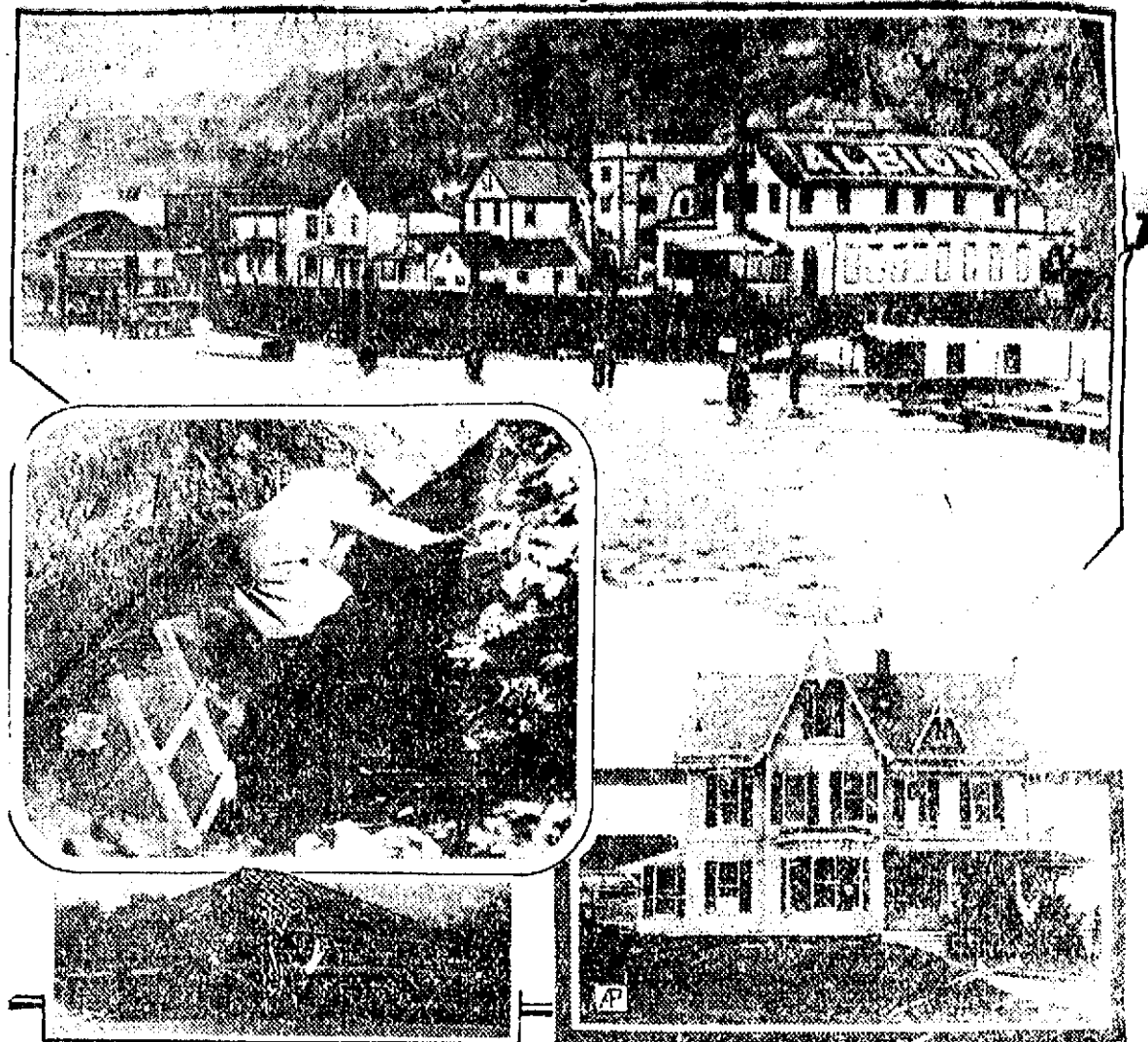
Helen declared herself unable to drive her car. It was Eva who offered a sensible solution.

"Telephone for Bob," she said weakly.

He was located at his work and came as quickly as a taxicab could get him to them with a driver.

The doctor nodded.

## What Dry Army's Broom Did



The house lower right, at Highland, N. J. is alleged to have been the "fortress" headquarters of a bootlegging syndicate which is said to have made \$2,000,000 profit in six months. It is shown as it appeared the day after federal dry raiders swept the Jersey coast October 16. Viewing the tank, the estate, is a government agent. Whether it was meant for liquor or oil had not been determined. Also on the estate is the uncompleted garage (lower left), with 12-foot doors that would admit large trucks. The Albion hotel (above), on the Shrewsbury river at Highlands, housed forty of the syndicate's alleged workmen.

Eva caught the significance of the motion "Oh no, no!" she screamed.

"Please, let me attend her," the doctor said. Helen stepped aside.

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He was located at his work and came as quickly as a taxicab could get him to them with a driver.

The doctor nodded.

While Helen fluttered off the divan to search there he moved stealthily toward a bit of gleaming gold that lay on the floor near the door.

Helen's evident concern over her loss had aroused his curiosity. He sensed a reward. His eyes moved avidly over the room while he worked, and, more calm than Helen, he had seen the lock.

But just as he stooped to pick it up Helen saw a car. She rushed over and held out her hand for it. The servant was forced to give it over.

Helen opened it and stood staring at Charles Nellin's photograph, asking herself a thousand questions.

Where had Eva's mother got this lock? What did she know of Charles Nellin? Or of Evangeline Cunningham?

The only answer she received was a sudden impulse to go to Mrs. Ennis and put the questions to her. (To be continued)

He went on with his work of straightening up the place, which had become disordered during the recent commotion.



MURDER had been committed. Behind the slayer lay a tangled trail of evidence that only confused the investigators and caused suspicion to rest at various times on all the boarders in the Rhodes House.

But there had been a witness to the crime—a feathered nemesis whose seemingly inconsequential utterances set a sharp-thinking young detective on the right path and ran a devilishly clever criminal to earth.

He was indeed an avenging parrot, this pet of the lonely woman who was murdered in the Rhodes House, and from him the most fascinating mystery serial of the year takes its title.

Read "The Avenging Parrot." Meet Bonnie Dundee, a detective character new to fiction and destined to be the central figure in more mystery stories by the same author—the talented and popular Anne Austin.

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# A PAGE of SPORT NEWS

## Boxing Contests In New Arena Will Be Held Weekly On Friday Nights

Leavelle Completes Job Arranging Place for First Show Friday Night When Hall and Mitchell Are Slated To Step Ten Rounds.

Tex Leavelle has completed ideal of pleasure that Jack Matlock will be showing here again soon. He is in Cotton Valley, La., building on East Third where future boxing contests will be held, the date being moved over to Friday nights because of the promoter's belief that the change would add to the attendance.

As a christening card for the new arena Leavelle offers Johnny Hall and Al Mitchell, two blacks that fans here have long wished to see in action. They are under contract for the scrap here Friday night and while one boxing guess is as good as another there's a hunch playing around this scribbled think-tank that one of the fastest fights of the year is coming up that evening.

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Fans here will learn with a good

## MOM'N POP

**J**UD WELLER, WHO IS CONSIDERED A GENIUS IN HIS HOME TOWN, INVENTS AN AUTOMATIC, SELF-OPENING PARACHUTE THAT IS HAILED BY A FLOCK OF PEOPLE WHO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT PARACHUTES AS A BIG STEP TOWARDS SAFER AVIATION

**P**OP GUNN, WHO HAS AGREED TO BACK JUD'S INVENTION TO THE EXTENT OF \$75,000-- HIS EVERY CENT

**B**LOW-HAWK, A SCHEMING LAWYER WHO, UNKNOWN TO VELLER, HAS TRICKED HIM INTO SIGNING OVER A ONE-THIRD INTEREST IN HIS PARACHUTE IN RETURN FOR CERTAIN ADVISORY SERVICES

## Setting More Traps

**M**OM, WHO HAS REPEATEDLY VIOLATED POP THAT TRICK INVENTIONS ARE A POOR INVESTMENT RISK, AND MORE SO WHEN HAWK IS MIXED UP WITH THEM

**H**EWELLY, WHO HAS REPEATEDLY VIOLATED POP THAT TRICK INVENTIONS ARE A POOR INVESTMENT RISK, AND MORE SO WHEN HAWK IS MIXED UP WITH THEM

**S**AY, I'LL GO RIGHT OVER AND SEE POP

**IF POP DEALS DIRECT WITH SHETTER HE'LL PAY A TOP PRICE, AND PART OF THAT WILL COME OUT OF YOUR PROFITS. WHY DON'T YOU SUGGEST THAT HE LET ME DRIVE A BARGAIN FOR THE FACTORY AND KEEP HIS NAME UNDER COVER. NOTHING PERSONAL, I'M MERELY LOOKING AFTER YOUR INTERESTS**

## Tulane Finally Wins

When passing out the bouquets for the phenomenal football defeat, mentor of Tulane University's Green Wave, Bierman's eleven did something no other Tulane team ever accomplished—beat Texas Aggies.

Today all New Orleans is for Bierman, whether or not his team wins another game this season. His well-coached aggregation battled a heavier Aggie team through four periods of torrid football, under a blazing sun, to win by a score of 13 to 10.

Over a long period of years Tulane has met reverse after reverse from Texas Aggie teams. In fact, Tulane had scored only 11 points, compared to 168 by the Aggies. Consequently, Bierman's outfit did two notable pieces of work—scoring more points in one game than they had amassed in all previous games, in addition to taking the first Tulane victory over a Texas Aggie football team.

Young May Retire  
Crafty Lou Young, manufacturer of strong football teams at the University of Pennsylvania and known by his "hidden ball" tricks as the gridiron magician, will wind up his coaching career at the close of the 1920 season, according to more or less well-founded rumors afloat in Philadelphia.

Young is to become graduate manager of athletics at the Quaker school, the report states. The post has been vacant since the death of Ernie Cozens.

That Young is admirably adapted

## Sailor Bob Becomes Boss Bob



Bob Shawkey

This is the man the Yankees will look to for guidance in the 1930 campaign.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—(A)—Of all the new managers trying their luck next season none will be watched more closely than Bob Shawkey.

Given a one-year contract as the head of one of the game's outstanding teams, Shawkey will get some careful watching right in his home precinct. For it will be up to him to keep harmony on Colonel Jake Ruppert's high-powered club and to keep that Yankee stadium well filled.

That is quite an assignment. It is an assignment that found several non-takers around the major league circuits. But if Sailor Bob had the courage to accept the job it seems logical that he will not lack for courage when it comes to handling out orders to Babe Ruth and the other big shots on the Yankee roster.

TED WELLS COMING IN "THE RIDIN' DEMON"

Daughters Meet continued from page one the future work of the U. D. C.

At this time Mrs. Meinman accepted the gavel, and presided over the greeting from the visiting state president, Miss Kate Duffin of Ennis, Tex., who is President of the Texas Division. Greeting from Patriotic Societies from the Daughters of the American Revolution by Mrs. Martin L. Sigmund, of Pine Bluff, from the Daughters of 1812 by Mrs. Chas. H. Miller of Little Rock, from the American Legion Auxiliary by Miss Sue Jones, Mrs. S. P. Davis of Little Rock who has had more national honors than any other women in the state, was presented and gave a short address of greeting.

The presentation of past division presidents was made by Mrs. Gus Haynes, with the response by Mrs. Dora Goolsby of Fort Smith. The presentation of Honorary Presidents was made by Mrs. W. H. McCain of Cotton Plant, with the response by Mrs. C. E. Royston of Fulton.

In the presentation of flowers, Hon. E. P. McFadden, in behalf of the American Legion presented Mrs. John Weinmann, Division President with a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums and Mrs. P. T. White, the incoming president of the Pat Cleburne Chapter in behalf of the Chapter, presented Mrs. Weinmann with a basket of yellow chrysanthemums, a corsage of roses to Mrs. Chas. Haynes, the retiring Pat Cleburne president, and to Mesdames C. S. Lathrop State Historian and Mrs. George Spraggins, State Secretary.

At the conclusion of the pro-

Deamon," a Universal Western Feature, will open at the New Grand Wednesday. It is another of the thrilling western melodramas directed by Ray Taylor.

The story is an original by Basil Dickey, wellknown author of screen plays. In writing "The Ridin' Deamon," Dickey took into consideration all the capabilities of the star and consequently Wells is called upon to display his talents as a stunt and trick rider in scene after scene.

Wells preforms exceptionally well in "The Ridin' Deamon." Considered the best trick horseman on the screen today, Wells gives

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his audience thrill upon thrill by the reckless manner in which he rides in and out of dangerous situations.

## No More Gas In Stomach-Bowels

If you wish to be permanently relieved of gas in stomach and bowels, take Baalman's Gas Tablets, which are prepared especially for stomach gas and all the bad effects resulting from gas pressure.

That empty, gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach will disappear; that anxious, nervous feeling with heart palpitation will vanish, and you will again be able to take a deep breath without discomfort.

That drowsy, sleepy feeling after dinner will be replaced by a desire for entertainment. Bloating will

cease. Your limbs, arms and fingers will no longer feel cold and "go to sleep" because Baalman's Gas Tablets prevent gas from interfering with the circulation. Get the genuine, in the yellow package at any good drug store. Price 25c. Always on hand at

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The more thoroughly you compare Buick with other cars, the more clearly you will understand why more than 2,000,000 people have bought Buicks—why men and women are buying from two to five times as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above

\$1200—and why they have purchased more Buicks during the few weeks this brilliant new car has been on the market than in any like period in Buick history.

See the new Buicks and arrange to buy one. Six of the 14 luxurious body types, incorporating all the famous Buick superiorities, are available at prices ranging from \$1225 to \$1295, f. o. b. factory. All available on the extremely liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

**Buick's 90-horsepower Valve-in-Head engine is the most powerful engine of its size in the world.** It is famous, too, for unrivaled smoothness, economy and stamina. It incorporates such marked engineering advancements as counterweighted crankshaft with torsion balancer, carburetor heat control, positive pressure gas pump, and triple seals against wear.

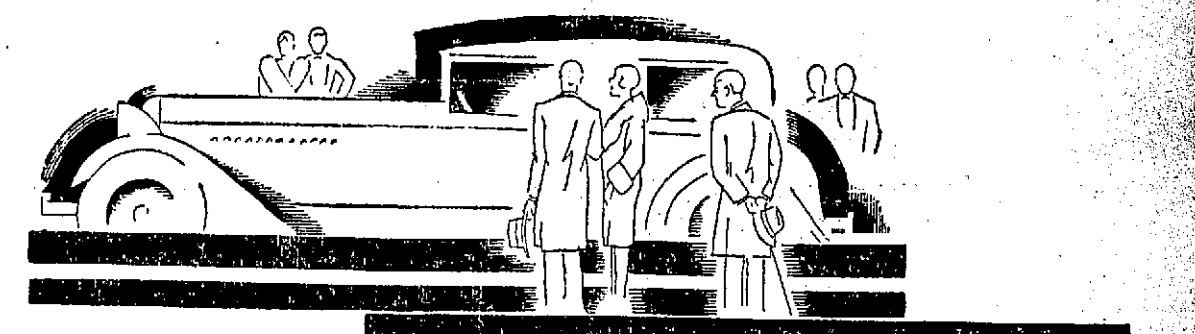
**Buick's new frictionless steering gear imparts marvellous steering ease throughout the entire turning range.** While the new Buick Road Shock Eliminator absolutely prevents transmission of road jolts and jars to the driver's arms. Twin features which make a tremendous contribution to driving ease and roadability.

\*The engine in the 124 and 122-inch Buicks develops 99 horsepower, and that in the 118-inch Buicks 80 1/2 horsepower.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN  
Canadian factories: Montreal-Buick, Ottawa, Ont.  
Divisions of General Motors Corporation  
Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

# THE New BUICK

## D. M. Finley & Co.



## KEEPING PACE WITH modern MOTORS

Every season sees new developments in motor design—striving for greater speed, power, and economy. In "Standard" Laboratories and proving grounds, lubrication and fuel engineers are constantly at work keeping "Standard" Products ahead of automotive needs.

Improved "Standard" Gasoline is the "last word" in straight motor gasoline. Try it for a week and see what an improvement it makes in the operation of your car, especially on cold days. It is the same wherever you buy it, and remember it is not a premium fuel.

"Standard" Motor Oil is the safe, efficient lubricant for the new-type motors. It is made from specially-selected crudes and is refined by processes which give it the necessary body and stamina to withstand the heat and high compression under which these motors operate.

Look for the pumps with the "Standard" Bars-and-Circle trademark. Here you are assured of quality products and courteous service.

BETTER STICK TO "STANDARD"

# "STANDARD" MOTOR OIL & GASOLINE

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF LOUISIANA

WE SELL "STANDARD" PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

J. J. Henry & Son  
Open Evenings Till Nine Hope, Arkansas

Hope Auto Company  
Authorized Ford Dealers Hope, Arkansas

Black-Draught  
For Constipation  
Indigestion, Biliousness



# Winter Needs At Genuine Savings During Robison's October Sale!

## October Sale of Fine New Coats



Suede finish woolens, new broadcloths and bolivia, carefully fashioned according to the new mode, in tailored and lovely fur trimmed models.

One lot of Ladies' Coats, an extra bargain, Big October Sale price ..... **\$3.98**

Ladies' \$10.00 Coats, in our Big October Sale will go for only ..... **\$7.48**

Ladies' \$12.50 Coats, in our Big October Sale will go for only ..... **\$9.98**

\$20.00 high grade Coats, in our Big October Sale, will go for only ..... **\$14.95**

\$25.00 high grade Coats, in our Big October Sale, will go for only ..... **\$19.85**



Red Goose Shoes are made of all leather throughout, and are so guaranteed: made for growing feet.

Red Goose School Shoes for the little tots. All-leather shoes, built for comfort and for hard wear. High top or low Shoes, three groups—

\$5.00 CASH and a New Pair of Shoes will be given to the Wearer who finds Paper in the Heels, Counters, Insoles or Outsoles of any Shoes made by Friedman-Shelby Shoe Co. and bearing their trade-mark.

## School Shoes

### MISSSES SHOES

\$2.50 values in black or tan all-leather Misses Shoes at ..... **\$1.98**

\$3.00 values in black or tan all-leather Misses Shoes at ..... **\$2.48**

\$4.00 values in black or tan all-leather Misses Shoes at ..... **\$2.98**

### BOYS' SHOES

\$2.50 values in black or tan Boys Shoes, well made at ..... **\$1.98**

\$3.00 values in black or tan for growing boys, at ..... **\$2.48**

Regular \$4.00 values in black or tan Shoes for boys at ..... **\$2.98**

## 100 New Hats

Included in this Sale is 100 of the newest Fall Millinery modes, in Felt, and in the very newest shapes and effects. Don't overlook this opportunity to complete your Fall Costume at a saving!



## Little Tots Coats

Is your little daughter all ready for Winter? If she isn't, you are fortunate to secure these last minute styles for little lasses that have just come from New York.

One lot of cunning Coats for the little Miss, in our Big October Sale for only ..... **\$2.98**

\$6.00 Coats for the little Miss, in our October Sale only ..... **\$3.98**

\$10.00 Coats for the little Miss, in our October Sale only ..... **\$7.48**



You can get a **Doll Free** Ask any of our clerks. It pays to trade at Robison's



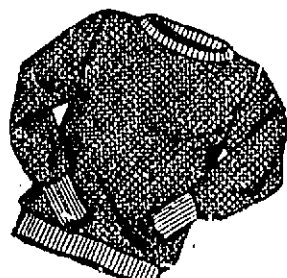
Right in the heart of the buying season comes this announcement of spectacular savings at Robison's, Hope's biggest Department Store. Our tremendous trade enables us to offer a great variety of goods, and at prices which are genuine savings.



Father needs new Fall and Winter clothes. Mother needs new apparel. Brother and sister—and the baby all need new things. You can save money by making your purchases from this large store, where every item is conveniently displayed for your careful selection.

## Warm Sweaters

The coming of Winter weather brings the need of warm, yet colorful sweaters. We have them for every member of the family, at typical Robison & Co. savings.



### MEN AND BOYS' SWEATERS

\$2.50 Sweaters for Men, solid colors, October Sale price ..... **\$1.98**

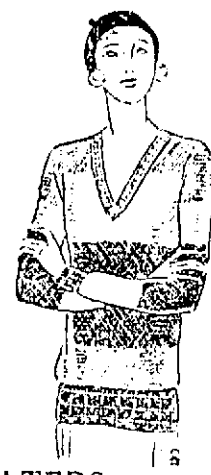
\$5.00 Men's Sweaters of fine grade Woolens, in interesting patterns, October Sale price ..... **\$3.98**

### LADIES' SWEATERS

One lot of Ladies' and Misses' Sweaters, October Sale ..... **98c**

\$3.00 Ladies' and Misses' Sweaters of good quality, Sale price only ..... **\$2.98**

\$5.00 Ladies' and Misses' Sweaters, of fine quality, October Sale price ..... **\$3.98**



### BOYS' SWEATERS

Boys' pull-over or Coat Sweaters in bold, blazer stripes, plaids or solid colors; all sizes; good and warm, October Sale price only ..... **98c to \$1.48**



One lot Men's and Boys' Sweaters, October Sale price ..... **98c**

## Winter Underwear

### MISSSES' UNION SUITS

Misses 75c Union Suits, ribbed, October Sale price ..... **49c**

Misses' \$1.00 value in Union Suits, warm and light weight October sale ..... **75c**

### BOYS' UNION SUITS

75c value in Boys' Union Suits, sizes 4 to 16, October Sale price ..... **49c**

\$1.00 value in Boys' Union Suits, sizes 4 to 16, October Sale ..... **75c**



## Men's Union Suits

Men's good heavy weight ribbed Union Suits, October Sale price per pair, only ..... **98c**

## OCTOBER SALE OF Suits and O'coats

Correct in style, in a great variety of good patterns—new, popular shades and mixtures. Collegiate or conservative styles and patterns.

Men's high grade, all-wool \$15.00 Suits, October Sale ..... **\$9.85**

Men's high grade all-wool \$25.00 Suits, October Sale price ..... **\$19.85**

Patterns in Overcoats that are splendid—tailoring that's superb and Woolens that shout their quality.

\$25.00 Men's hand tailored Overcoats and Topcoats, October Sale price ..... **\$14.85**

\$30.00 and \$35.00 Men's hand tailored Overcoats and Topcoats, October Sale price ..... **\$19.85**

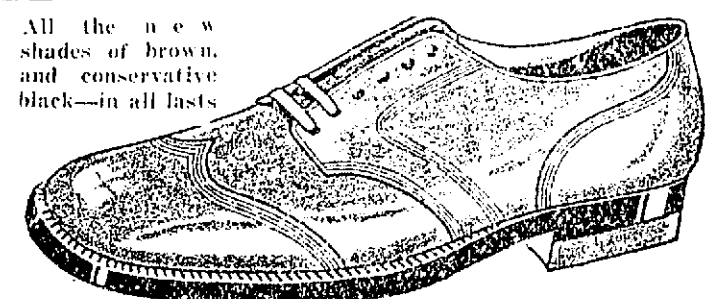
A fine line of Boys' new Fall Suits, splendidly tailored, in the season's newest shades

\$5.00 values, in our October Sale ..... **\$3.98**

\$6.00 values, in our October Sale ..... **\$4.98**

\$10.00 values in our October sale ..... **\$7.48**

\$15.00 values in our October sale ..... **\$9.98**



## Men's Shoes, Oxfords

Men's \$5.00 Shoes and Oxfords—made for style and for comfort. October sale price only—

**\$3.98**

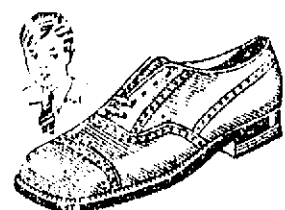
Men's high grade \$1.00 Shoes and Oxfords in good styles, specially priced for this value giving event, only—

**\$2.98**

## Boys' \$4.00 Oxfords

Made of calf-skin, built for busy feet, that take hard knocks. Black or tan—all lasts. October sale price only

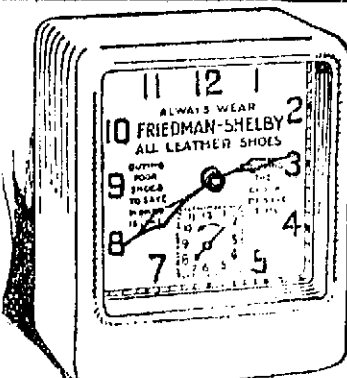
**\$2.98**



You Can Get A

## CLOCK FREE

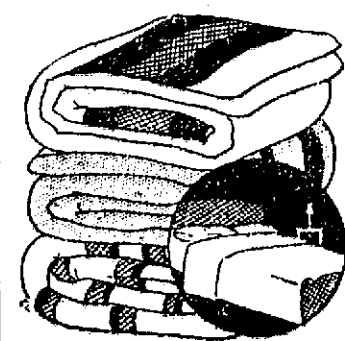
Ask any of our clerks. It pays to trade at Robison's.



## Winter Hats

The newest shades and shapes of the season—made of some of the country's greatest makers. All at a saving. October sale prices

**98c to \$4.98**



## Save On Blankets

Colder weather is on the way—buy your blankets at Robison's and Save!

One lot of pretty designed Baby Blankets Big October Sale only ..... **25c**  
Single Cotton Blankets, full size, Big October Sale only ..... **98c**  
\$2.50 double Cotton Blankets, Big October Sale only ..... **\$1.98**  
\$4.00 double Wool-knap Blankets Big October Sale only ..... **\$2.98**  
\$7.50 all-wool Blankets in pretty plaids Big October Sale only ..... **\$4.98**

# Geo. W. Robison & Co.

"The Leading Department Store"

Hope, Arkansas

Hope's Biggest Dry Goods Store"

Nashville, Arkansas.